



US \$1.75
CAN \$2.50
NO. 2
AUG. '96



PINKY *and* THE BRAIN



EGAD,
BRAIN, YOU
WERE
RIGHT!

PULLING
THE ~~SWORD~~
FROM THE STONE
DID MAKE YOU
THE KING!

DIRECT SALES

00211



61941 20809

WALTER
CARLSON
Mike
DeCaro

SO SAYETH THE LEGEND:
"He who pulleth the
sword from the
stone shall
become King!"

LOOK AT THEM,
PINKY.

ONCE AGAIN THE
PEASANTS ARE ASSEMBLING
TO RE-ESTABLISH THE RULING
MONARCHY OF ENGLAND BY
CONDUCTING AN INANE
RITUAL ESPOUSED BY
A LOCAL MYTH.

EXCALIBRAIN

Writers: Bobbi JG Weiss & David Cody Weiss
Penciller: Walter Carzon Inker: Mike DeCarlo
Letterer: Bob Pinaha Colorist: Jo Meuniot

REALLY? GEE, I THOUGHT
THEY WERE GOING TO WATCH
SOMEBODY TRY TO PULL
THAT LONG METAL THINGEE
OUT OF THAT BIG ROCK
DOWN THERE. NARF!

YOU KNOW, IT
ALARMS ME TO REALIZE
THAT A LOBOTOMY
WOULD ONLY HELP
YOU, PINKY.

PINKY AND THE BRAIN 2, August, 1996. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to PINKY AND THE BRAIN, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate \$21.00. Canadian subscribers must add \$12.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All foreign countries must add \$12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1996 Warner Bros. All Rights Reserved. Animaniacs characters, names, and all related slogans and indicia are trademarks of Warner Bros. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. For advertising space contact: Tom Ballou, (212) 635-5520; Midwest, The Graffiti Group (312) 527-4040; West Coast, The Berman Company (818) 855-9708. Printed on recyclable paper.

Printed in Canada.
DC Comics. A Division of Warner Bros.—A Time Warner Entertainment Company

JENETTE KAHN, President & Editor-in-Chief • PAUL LEVITZ, Executive VP & Publisher • ROBERT GRAFF, Editor • JOE ORLANDO, VP-Creative Director
BRUCE BRISTOW, VP-Sales & Marketing • PATRICK CALDON, VP-Finance & Operations • TERRI CUNNINGHAM, Managing Editor • CHANTAL D'AULNIS, VP-Business Affairs
JULIAN LASERSON, VP & General Counsel • BOB ROZANS, Executive Director-Production

THAT LONG METAL THINGEE, AS YOU SO QUAINLY PUT IT, IS CALLED EXCALIBUR AND MAY DETERMINE THE NEXT KING OF ENGLAND! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

NO!

UM... WE'LL ALL HAVE TO BUY SOUVENIR COFFEE MUGS AND T SHIRTS ON CORONATION DAY?

WELL, YES, BUT...

...IT MEANS THAT TOTAL CONTROL OF THIS COUNTRY WILL BE GIVEN TO ANYONE WHO CAN ACCOMPLISH THAT ONE SIMPLE FEAT!

BOING

PINKY, ARE YOU PONDERING WHAT I'M PONDERING?

WUH... I THINK SO, BRAIN. BUT CREAM OF GORILLA SOUP—WELL, WE'D HAVE TO SELL IT IN AWFULLY BIG CANS, WOULDN'T WE?

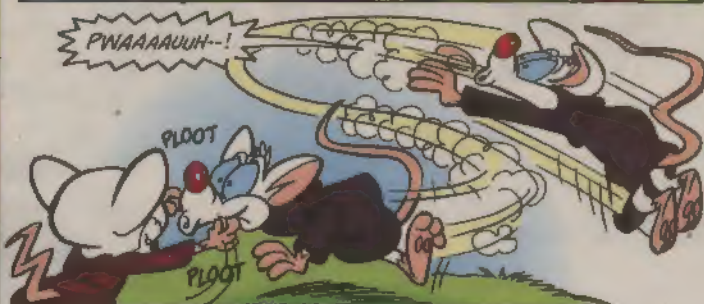
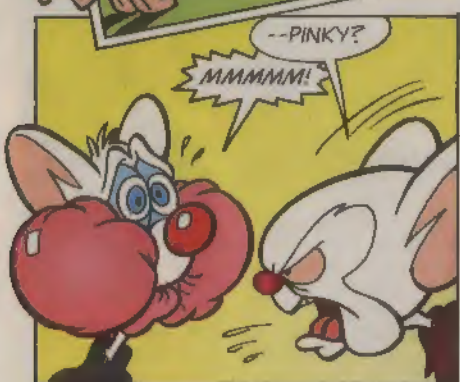
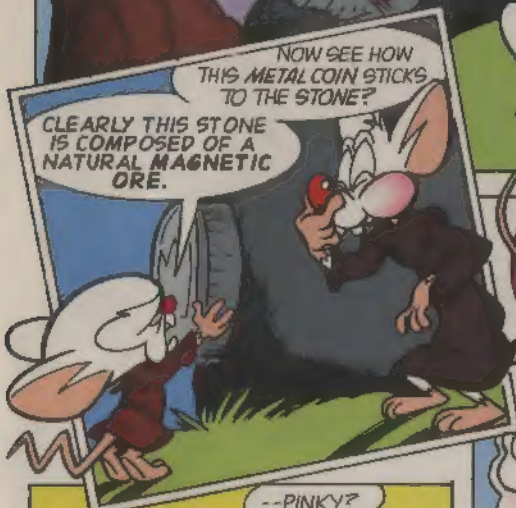
NO, PINKY, I HAVE FORMULATED A PLAN TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!

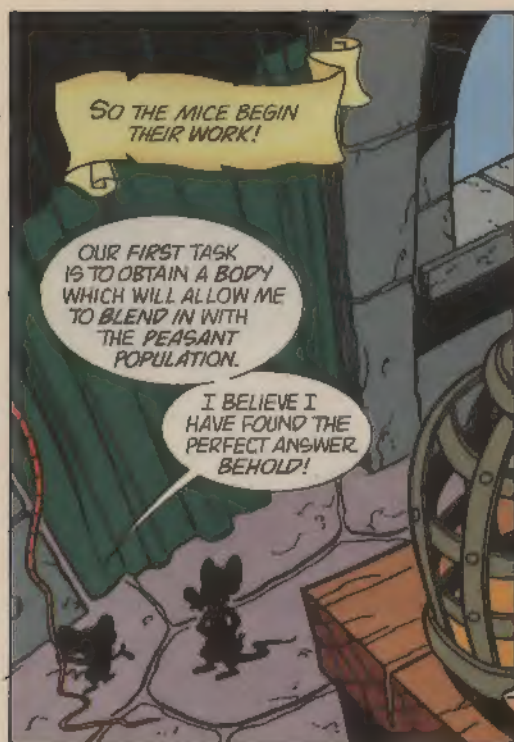
I SHALL EXTRICATE EXCALIBUR FROM THE STONE AND BE CROWNED KING! THEN, WITH VAST ARMIES AT MY COMMAND, I WILL CONQUER THE GLOBE!

EGAD, BRAIN. THAT'S A MUCH BETTER IDEA THAN GOING INTO THE SOUP BUSINESS! CANS ASIDE, I WAS WONDERING HOW WE'D CATCH ALL THOSE GORILLAS!

PINKY, REMIND ME TO THROTTLE YOU LATER.

OKIE-DOKIE!





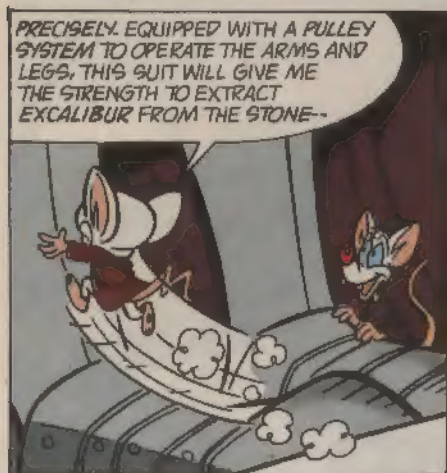
SO THE MICE BEGIN
THEIR WORK!

OUR FIRST TASK
IS TO OBTAIN A BODY
WHICH WILL ALLOW ME
TO BLEND IN WITH
THE PEASANT
POPULATION.

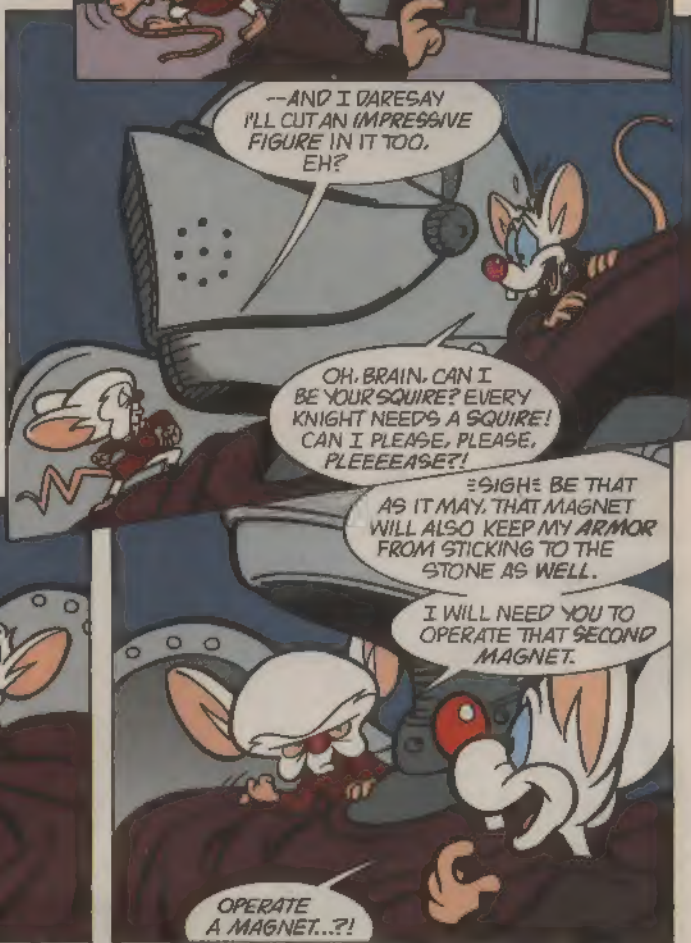
I BELIEVE I
HAVE FOUND THE
PERFECT ANSWER.
BEHOLD!



ZOUNDS,
BRAIN! YOU'RE
GOING TO
BECOME A
KNIGHT?!



PRECISELY. EQUIPPED WITH A PULLEY
SYSTEM TO OPERATE THE ARMS AND
LEGS, THIS SUIT WILL GIVE ME
THE STRENGTH TO EXTRACT
EXCALIBUR FROM THE STONE--



--AND I DARESAY
I'LL CUT AN IMPRESSIVE
FIGURE IN IT TOO,
EH?

OH, BRAIN, CAN I
BE YOUR SQUIRE? EVERY
KNIGHT NEEDS A SQUIRE!
CAN I PLEASE, PLEASE,
PLEEEASE?!

SIGH: BE THAT
AS IT MAY, THAT MAGNET
WILL ALSO KEEP MY ARMOR
FROM STICKING TO THE
STONE AS WELL.

I WILL NEED YOU TO
OPERATE THAT SECOND
MAGNET.

OPERATE
A MAGNET...?!



NO, PINKY, YOUR LIMITED TALENTS
ARE NEEDED ELSEWHERE.

REMEMBER THAT I SAID WE
WOULD NEED A SECOND
MAGNET TO COUNTERACT
THE PULL OF THE STONE
ON THE SWORD?

NOPE!

YES. BY WRAPPING THIS COPPER WIRE AROUND THIS IRON BAR, A MAGNETIC FIELD WILL BE GENERATED WHEN THE ENDS OF THE WIRE ARE DIPPED INTO THIS BEAKER OF LEMON JUICE.*

INVISIBLE LEMON JUICE...?

NO, PINKY! WE DON'T HAVE ANY YET!

NOW AS I RECALL, THE ONLY LEMON TREES IN THE AREA ARE IN THE KING'S GARDENS--

NO, NOT THE KING'S GARDENS! THEY'RE GUARDED BY BIG GLOBBERY HOUNDS WITH POINTY TEETH AND STINKY BREATH!

*EDITOR'S NOTE: DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME AND ELECTROCUTE YOURSELF. OUR LAWYERS WILL DENY EVERYTHING.

TRUST ME, PINKY. I HAVE A PLAN.

OH, ALL RIGHT, THEN, NARF!

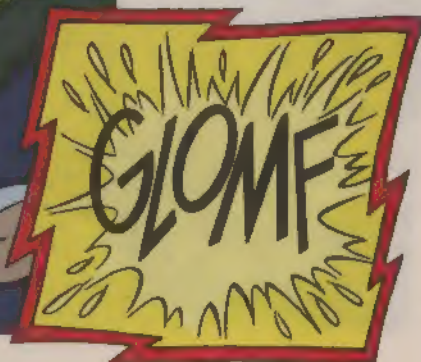
A SHORT TRIP LATER...

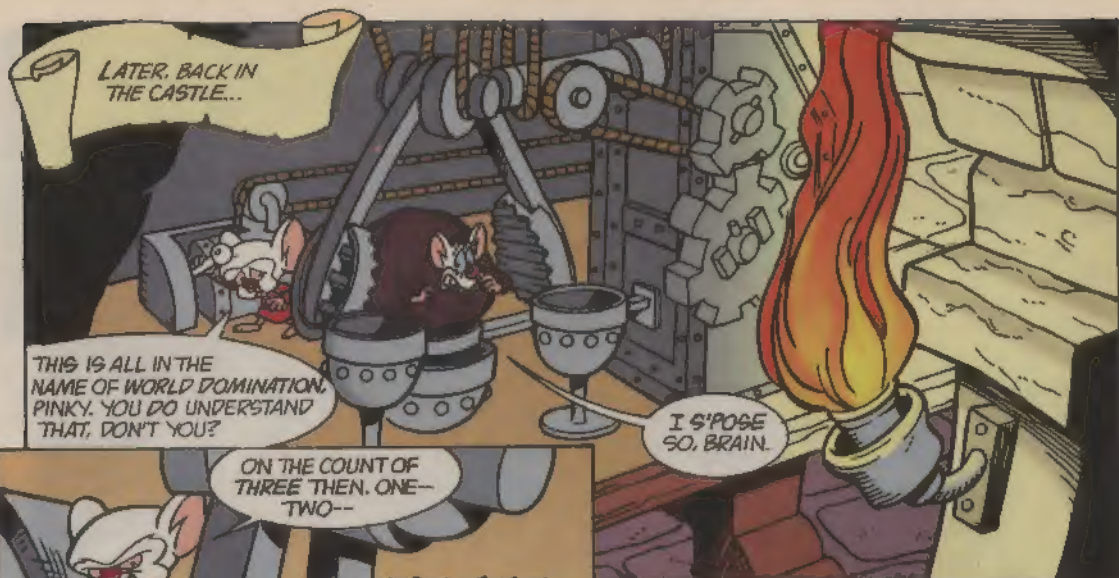
NO SIGN OF ANY GLOBBERY HOUNDS, BRAIN!

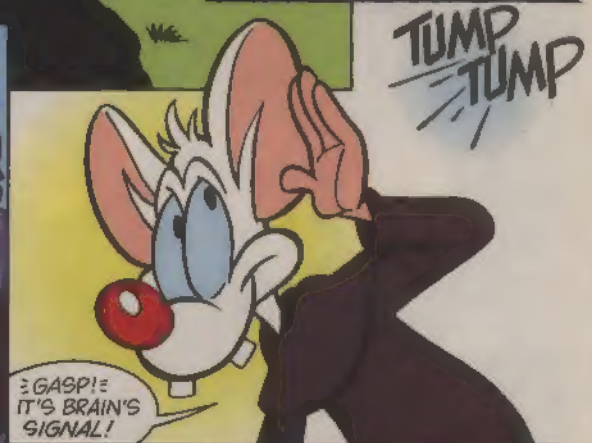
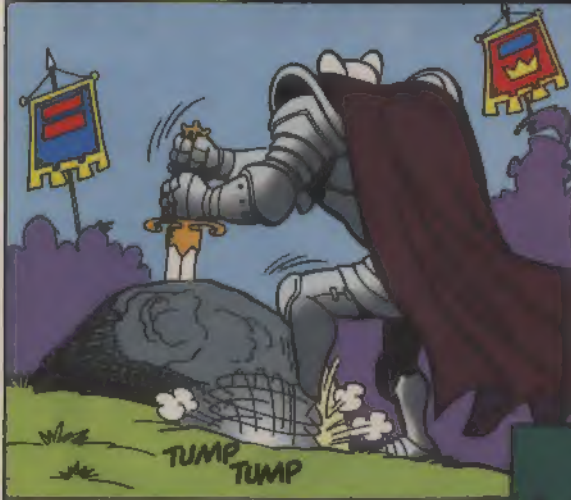
STELLAR, PINKY. WE SHALL PROCEED INSIDE. EVEN IF THE ENEMY APPEARS, DO NOT DEVIATE FROM THE PLAN!

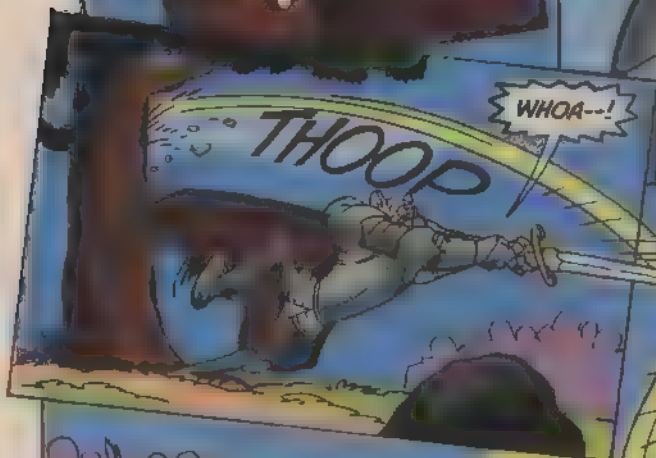
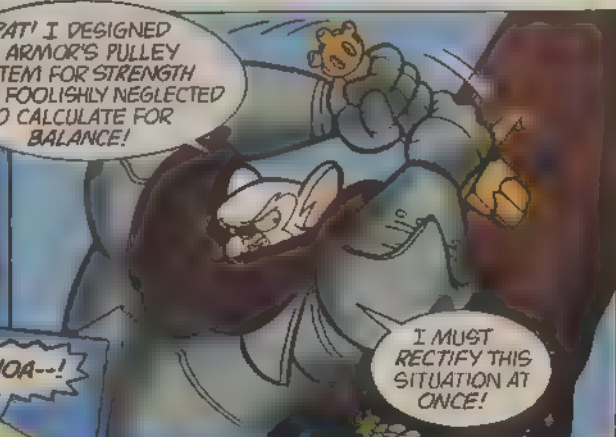
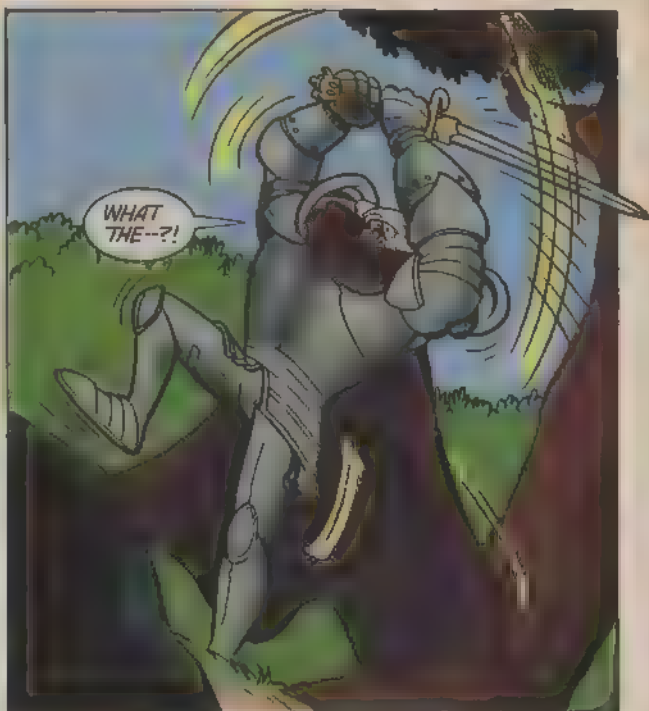
CHECK, POIT!

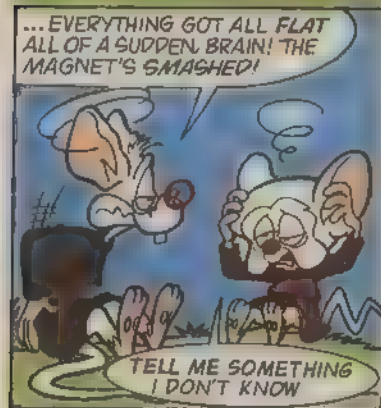
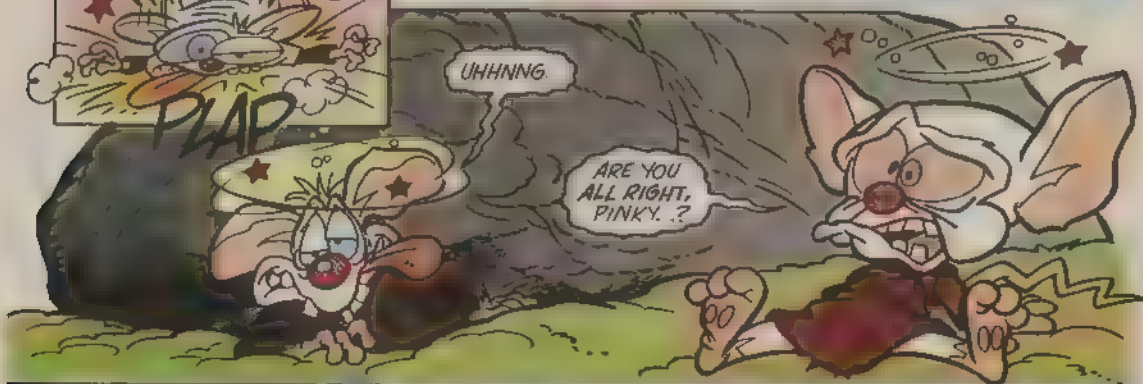
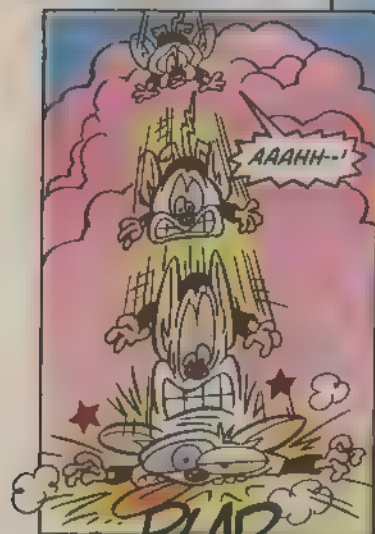
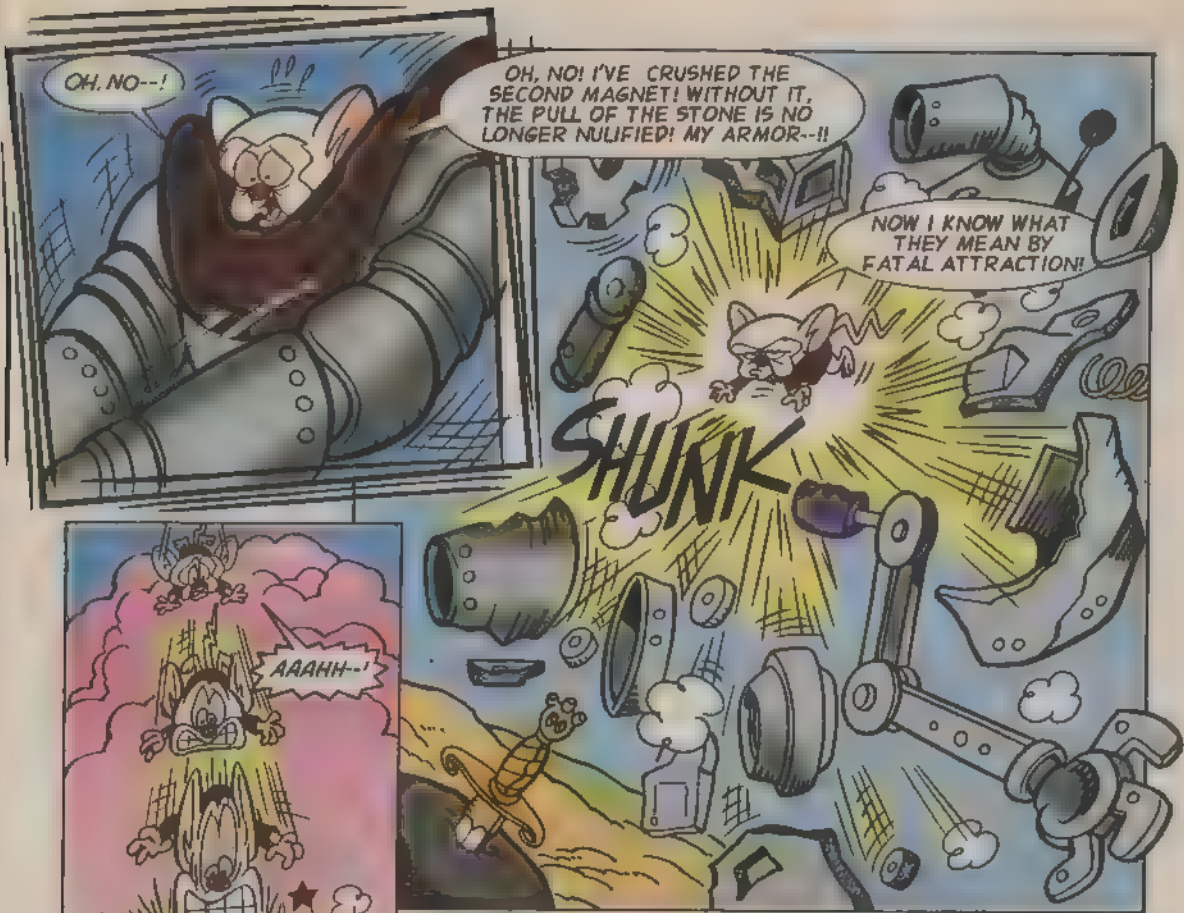


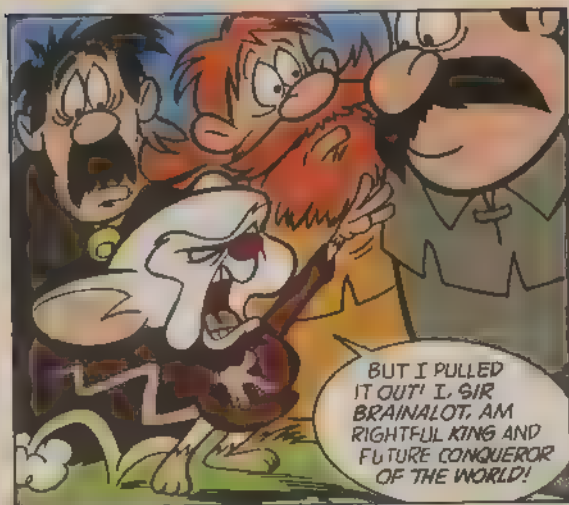




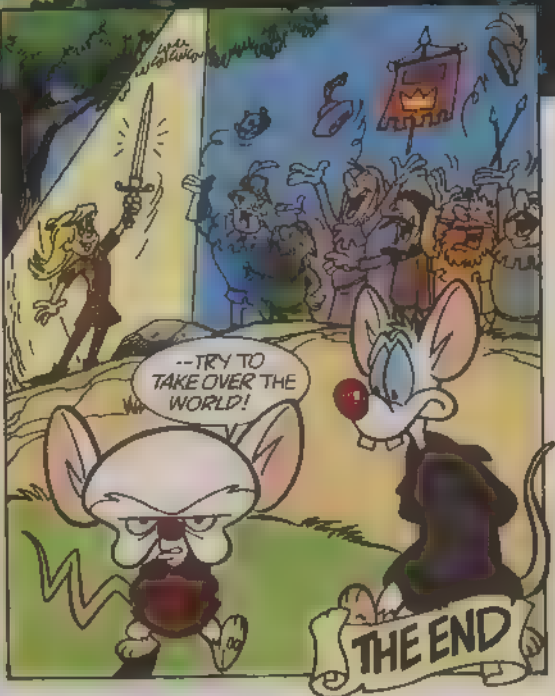








WHY? WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO TOMORROW NIGHT?



LITTLE BIG DRAIN

WRITER: JESSE LEON MCCANN PENCILLER: WALTER CARON
INKER: MICHAEL CARLO LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA COLORIST: J. MCGINNIS

WALLOPS

LOW BLOW
SALOON

STEP RIGHT UP!
THIS AMAZING ELIXIR CAN
CURE WHAT AILS YA! AH, YAS!
FROM BALDNESS IN MEN
TO INFECTION IN THE
COMMON SPLEEN!

IT'S
DISDAINFUL,
PINKY...

POIT!

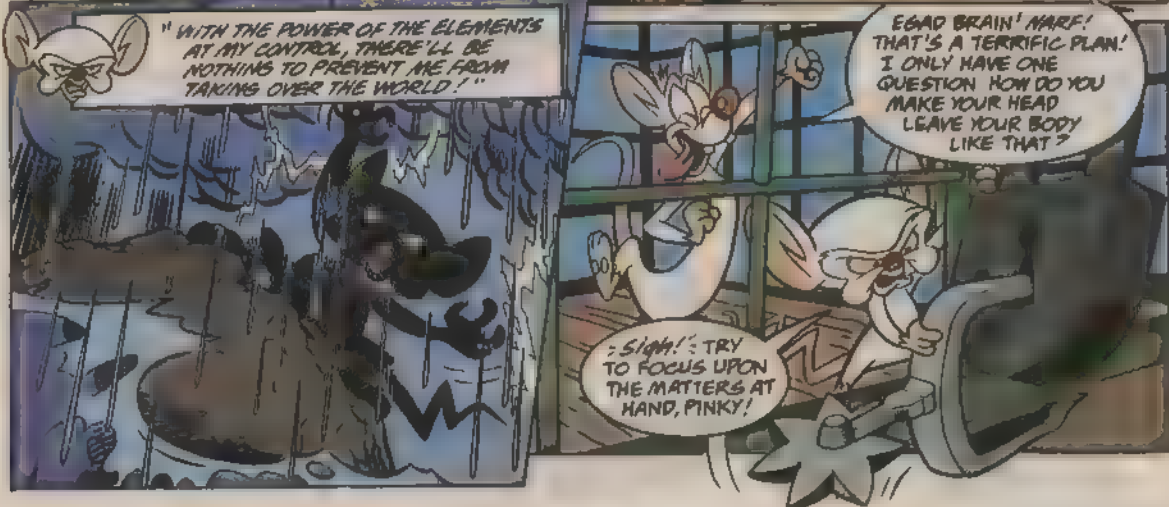
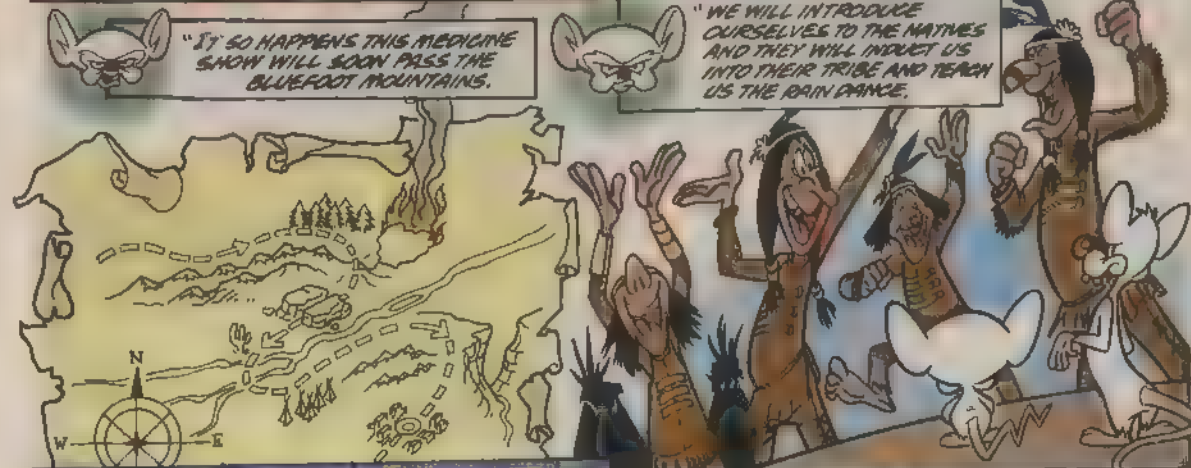
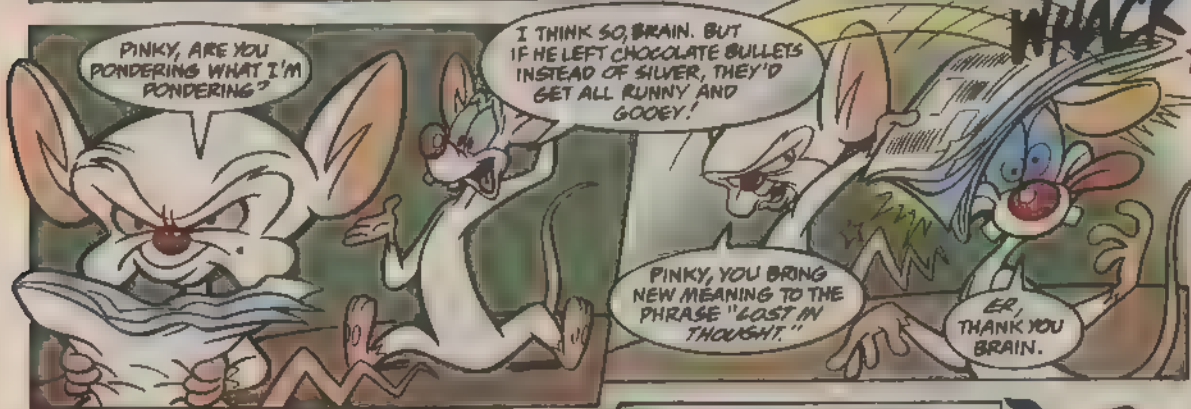
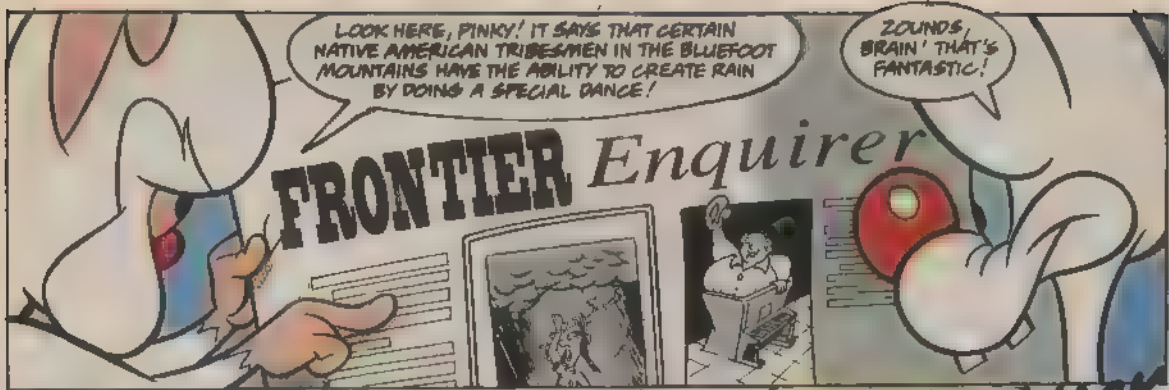
...THE WAY THOSE
GULLIBLE RUBES FALL FOR
THAT SNAKE-OIL SALESMAN'S
PROMISES! IT SHOULD BE
EASY TO TAKE OVER THE
WORLD FROM THEM.

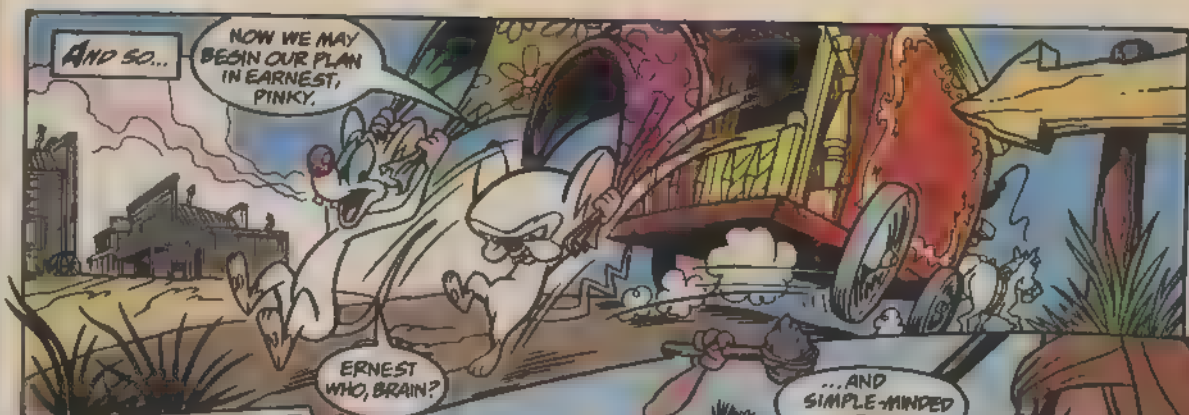
WHAT'S
THAT YOU'RE
READING,
PINKY?

OH, BRAIN! IT'S A
WONDERFUL PUBLICATION
FILLED WITH INTERESTING
INFORMATION, ACTION
AND DRAMA! HAREY!

AND
LOTS OF
PICTURES

UM,
WELL...
YES.





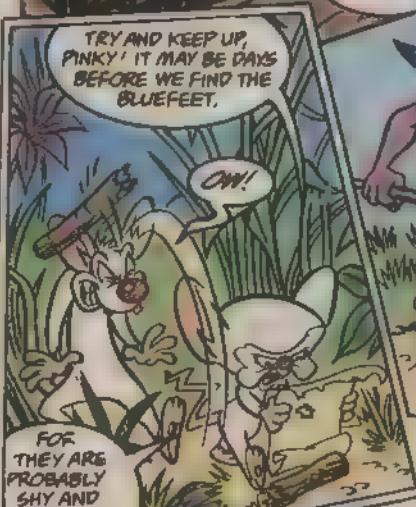
AND SO...

NOW WE MAY
BEGIN OUR PLAN
IN EARNEST,
PINKY.

ERNEST
WHO, BRAIN?

...AND
SIMPLE-MINDED
FOLK.

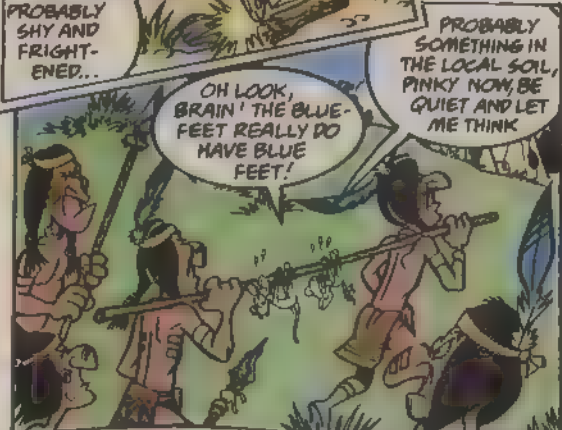
ZORT!



TRY AND KEEP UP,
PINKY! IT MAY BE DAYS
BEFORE WE FIND THE
BLUEFEET.

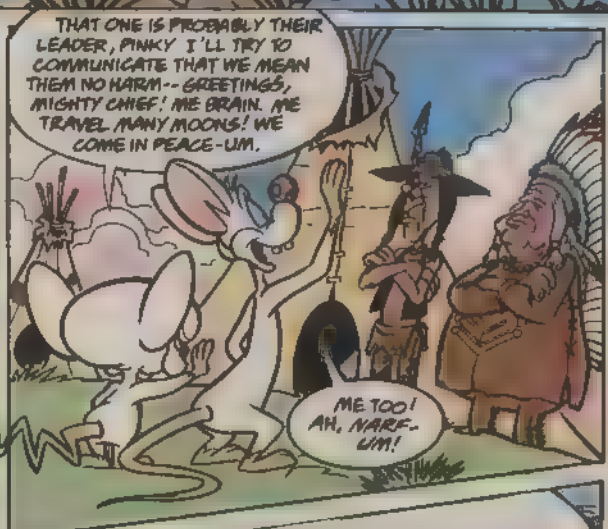
OW!

FOR
THEY ARE
PROBABLY
SHY AND
FRIGHT-
ENED...



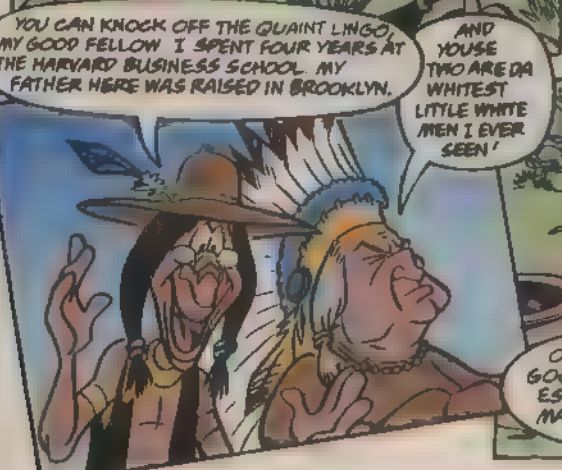
OH LOOK,
BRAIN! THE BLUE-
FEET REALLY DO
HAVE BLUE
FEET!

PROBABLY
SOMETHING IN
THE LOCAL SOIL,
PINKY NOW BE
QUIET AND LET
ME THINK



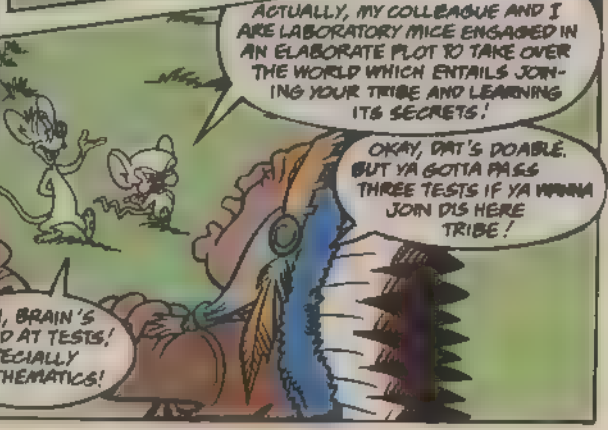
THAT ONE IS PROBABLY THEIR
LEADER, PINKY I'LL TRY TO
COMMUNICATE THAT WE MEAN
THEM NO HARM-- GREETINGS,
MIGHTY CHIEF! ME BRAIN. ME
TRAVEL MANY MOONS! WE
COME IN PEACE-UM.

ME TOO!
AH, NARF-
UM!



YOU CAN KNOCK OFF THE QUAINT LINGO,
MY GOOD FELLOW I SPENT FOUR YEARS AT
THE HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL. MY
FATHER HERE WAS RAISED IN BROOKLYN.

AND
YOU'RE
TWO ARE DA
WHITEST
LITTLE WHITE
MEN I EVER
SEEN!



ACTUALLY, MY COLLEAGUE AND I
ARE LABORATORY MICE ENGAGED IN
AN ELABORATE PLOT TO TAKE OVER
THE WORLD WHICH ENTAILS JOIN-
ING YOUR TRIBE AND LEARNING
ITS SECRETS!

OKAY, DAT'S DOABLE.
BUT YA GOTTA PASS
THREE TESTS IF YA WANNA
JOIN DIS HERE
TRIBE!

OH, BRAIN'S
GOOD AT TESTS!
ESPECIALLY
MATHEMATICS!

LATER...

THESE WILL BE TESTS OF SKILL AND BRAVERY, BUT FIRST YOU MUST TAKE ON TRIBAL NAMES.

GOOD. I'VE BEEN PONDERING WHAT MY NATIVE "HANDLE" MIGHT BE AND I'VE BECOME PARTIAL TO "HEAD BIAS BOSS BRAIN."

LUCKILY FOR US, DA CHIEF OF DA TRIBE GETS TA PICK DA NAME--YOU'RE GONNA BE CALLED "LITTLE BIAS BRAIN."

HOW FLATTERING.

FIRST, YOU MUST HIT THAT TARGET ~~AND THE OTHER TARGET~~ THE TWO TRIBESMEN THERE ARE TO BREAK YOUR CONCENTRATION AND TEST YOUR NERVES.

HIM I NAMED "DANCES WITH ABANDON!"

OW! NARF!

ZOUNDS, BRAIN. I MEAN, "LITTLE BIAS BRAIN" THAT LOOKS DIFFICULT!

AFTER MEASURING THE TRAJECTORY AND CALCULATING FOR WIND RESISTANCE, THE BOW SHOULD BE PERFECTLY AIMED TO HIT THE BULL'S-EYE! NOW HAND ME THAT ARROW, AND REMEMBER...

NONSENSE "DANCES WITH ABANDON!" I'VE COMPENSATED FOR OUR SMALL SIZE BY ANCHORING THE BOW TO THIS TREE AND ROCK.

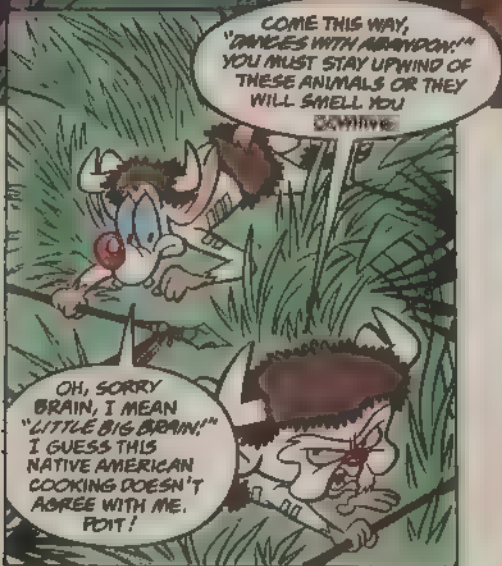
...DON'T LET GO OF ME.

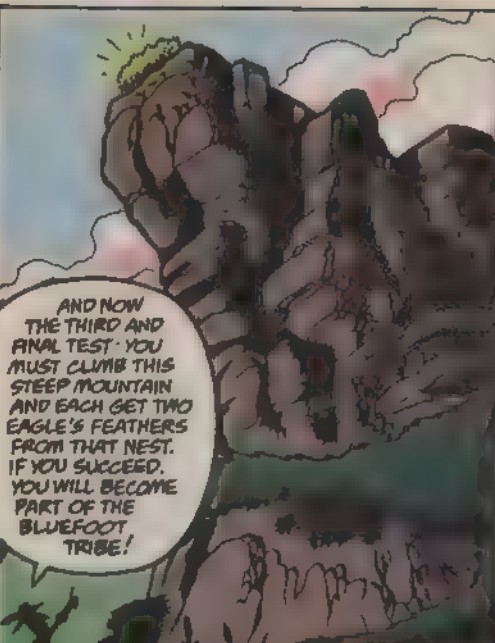
GOOD SHOT, BAD MEDICINE

YOU SAID IT.


AAAHNNNN!

I THINK THIS TREE HAS ANTS.



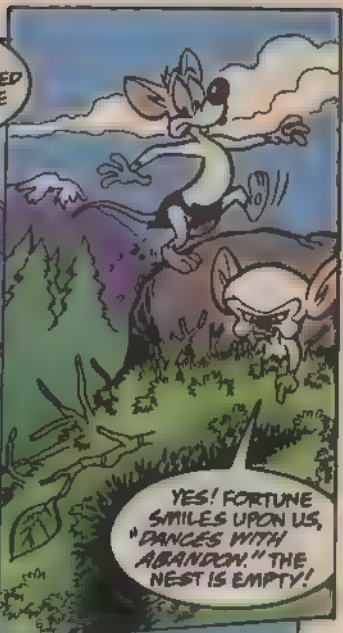


AND NOW
THE THIRD AND
FINAL TEST: YOU
MUST CLIMB THIS
STEEP MOUNTAIN
AND EACH GET TWO
EAGLE'S FEATHERS
FROM THAT NEST.
IF YOU SUCCEED,
YOU WILL BECOME
PART OF THE
BLUEFOOT
TRIBE!

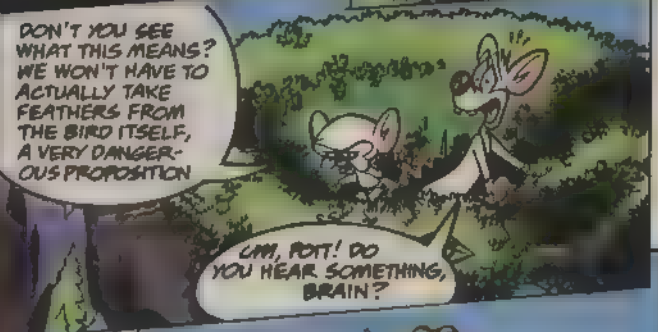


YOU KNOW,
I HADN'T IMAGINED
THIS CLIMB TO BE
SO DIFFICULT.

IT'S EASY,
"LITTLE BIG
BRAIN." NARF!
JUST GRAB
HOLD OF THE
TAIL OF THE
MOUSE IN
FRONT OF
YOU.



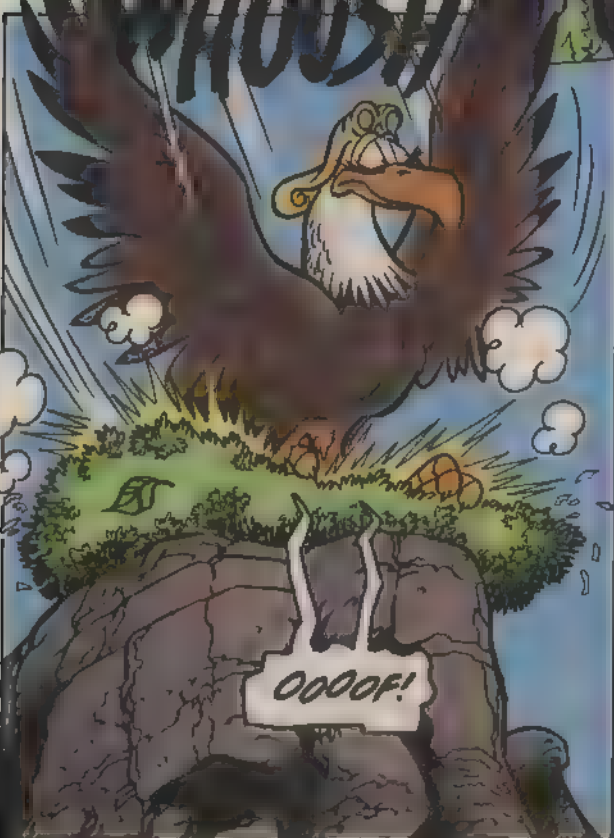
YES! FORTUNE
SMILES UPON US,
"DANCES WITH
ABANDON." THE
NEST IS EMPTY!



DON'T YOU SEE
WHAT THIS MEANS?
WE WON'T HAVE TO
ACTUALLY TAKE
FEATHERS FROM
THE BIRD ITSELF,
A VERY DANGEROUS
PROPOSITION

UM, POT! DO
YOU HEAR SOMETHING,
BRAIN?

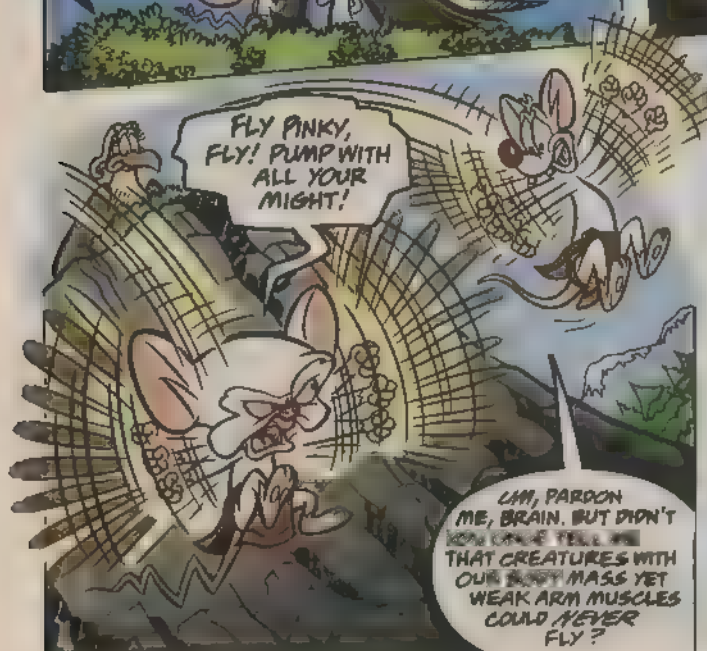
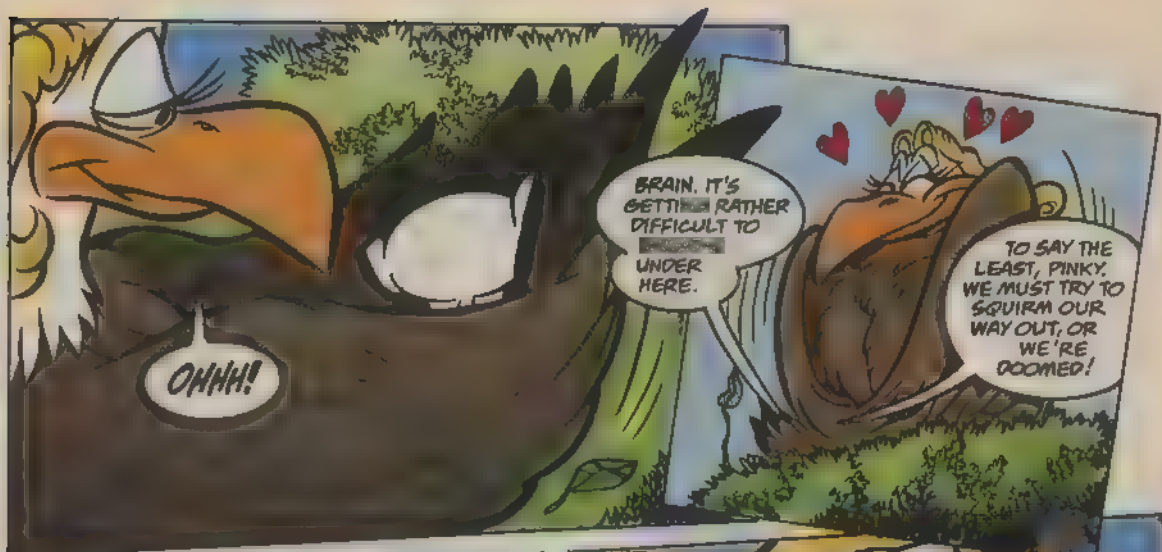
SHOOOSH

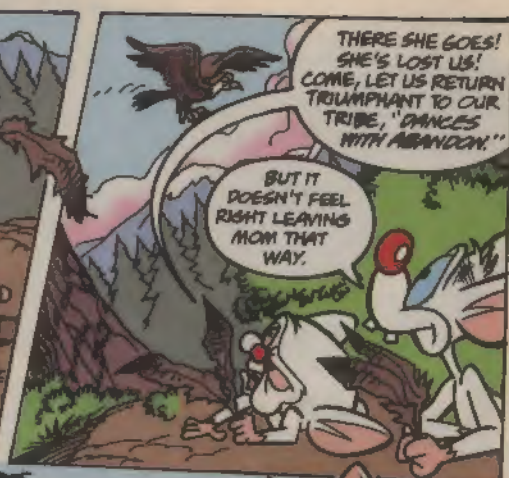


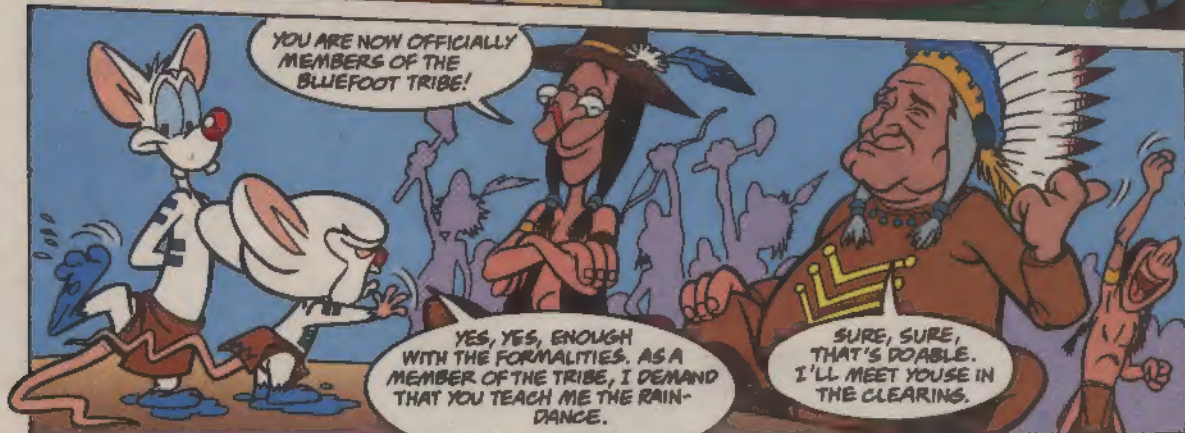
OOOOOF!



OOOOF!







AN' YA PUT
YER RIGHT LEG
IN' YA SHAKE IT
ALL ABOUT!

OKAY,
DAT'S THE BASIC
MOVE. HERE,
LEMMIE SHOW YA
WHAT IT LOOKS
LIKE WHEN YA
PUT IT ALL
TOGETHER.

Put. ♪
your right
foot in.

Take your
right foot
out.

Put your right
foot in and shake
it all around. ♪

♪
do the Hokee-
Pokee and turn
yourself around. ♪

THAT'S
WHAT IT'S ALL
ABOUT.

THAT'S IT? JUST ONE
LITTLE RAIN CLOUD? BUT THE
NEWSPAPER SAID YOU COULD
RAISE GREAT STORMS!

WHADDA YOU DO,
BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU
READ IN FRONTIER ENQUIRER?
JUST HOW GULLIBLE
ARE YOU?

